portarit Soviet officials when the opportunity occurred, but got no more satisfaction out of them than she had out of Litvinov.

Despite such episodes the Soviet regime continued to be held in ever greater esteem by writers like Shaw and Andre Gide[15] and Romain Rolland; clergymen like the Reverend Hewlett Johnson, journalists like Walter Duranty and Maurice Hindus, economists like G. D. H. Cole and the Webbs, scientists like Professor Julian Huxley. How could all these, so learned and so righteous, be wrong? Was the *Manchester Guardian* given to falsehood, or Fabians to hasty conclusions? Highbrow film societies were enthralled by Russian films like *Mother* and *The End of St. Petersburg,* and cheered to the skies the heroes of the Revolution, as, later, they cheered the news that these same heroes had mostly been shot as spies and traitors. Week after week Soviet boats sailed from London for Leningrad packed with distinguished passengers, all excited, readers of *Humanity Uprooted* and *Red Bread,* appreciative of the crew's singing of revolutionary songs and of the captain's interesting speech; of the Lenin's Corner, and of the unanimous decision taken at a meeting presided over by someone from the London School of Economics that it would be in bad taste to offer money to the stewards, but perhaps some books for the ship's library might be permissible; in each male heart a vision, never to be realised, of a *comsomolka* with a red kerchief over jet black hair, with dark glistening eyes and flushed cheeks, dancing a revolutionary dance; in each female heart heaven knows what visions.

Few there must be among Left sympathisers whose circum-

stances enable them to satisfy the minimum requirements laid down by Virginia Woolf (a room of one's own and four hundred a year) for an adequate life, who did not go on this pilgrimage, eagerly looking at all they were shown and listening to all they

[15] A number of these writers soured on the regime as time went on; for instance, Gide, whose *Retour de 1'U.R.S.S.,* published in 1936, expressed his disillusionment after a visit to the U.S.S.R., and created some stir. Not even Stalin, however, could shake the fidelity of Romain Rolland and the Webbs.